

CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE.

VOL. 2.

"THOU SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—JESUS CHRIST.

NO. 51.

| \$1 50 in advance. |

PROVIDENCE, R. I. SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1826.

| \$2 at the end of the year.—

CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

By BARZILLAI CRANSTON,

At No. 8, North Main-Street (3d story) near the Market-House.

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"Let love be without dissimulation." Romans xii. 9.

This should be the grand rule of practice for all mankind: love, pure and unadulterated, should glow in every breast, and warm with its excellence every heart. In this one word, love, is concentrated the duty of christianity, the whole spirit and life of the christian. This "is the conclusion of the whole matter;" the whole duty of man, and the only proper character of the christian.

"Behold," says our divine Redeemer, "a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you."

In order to comply with requisitions of our Saviour, it may not be improper to inquire into the nature and effects of that love which the Deity entertains for his offspring, in order that we may love him and our fellows even as he loves us.

The purity of God's love none can doubt; for it is "without dissimulation"—and for the same reason none can doubt its strength.

But the chief point rests upon its nature and effects; these claim our attention, and ought to constitute the grand inquiry to which our attention should be directed.

We are called upon to "love one another *even as Christ loveth us.*" It becomes us therefore to attend carefully to the inquiry—for, who knows, but that in duty to our Maker, we should destroy our fellows, for pure love of them?—Who can discern the effects of such an action? Their destruction may be *their*, if not *our* happiness!

The thought of death or murder, may startle some sensitive minds, but it must depend upon this inquiry *alone*, to determine, whether our love should prompt us to, or not to commit it.

We read in the volume of divine inspiration, that God's love for man induced him to send his only and his beloved Son into the world; for the express purpose that he might bear the scoff and scorn of an impious multitude; and to endure all the miseries that the malignant passions of man could invent; and, finally, that he might die the humiliating death of the cross; a death, which was considered the disgrace of the country to bestow upon any but murderers and assassins!

But why was this?—Why was it admitted?—Was it to bring condemnation or a curse upon mankind for their inhumanity and ingratitude?—Or was it to give a pretence to the Almighty to wreak his vengeance on man?

If we should listen to the voice of common opinion upon this subject, we should unhesitatingly answer

yes—at least as far as regards the majority of them. But this is *only* an *assertion*; unsupported by the least proof whatever, excepting that which originates in their own minds. But we assert to the contrary, and we shall support our assertion by proof: *not* the production of our *fears* or our *wishes*, but of the divine oracle of God; which declares that "God so loved," not hated—but "God so loved the world that he sent his Son into the world; not to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved." But saved from what? Was it from the interminable wrath of their Creator, which had doomed them to an endless hell? How inconsistent—how absurd is the idea! What! Is it possible that an *all-wise* and an *all-powerful* God, could be so *foolish* and so *weak*, as to enact a decree against his subjects, which nothing short of the death of his own Son could satisfy? Can you believe him so weak as to decree that which he afterwards saw was at variance with his wishes? Or can you believe that he would descend to the alternative of sacrificing *himself* to gratify the inclemency of his own power? No. To these questions I am confident but one answer can be given, and that an *unqualified negative*. Yet as inconsistent as they appear, how often do we hear such doctrines set forth? How often do we hear the name of our God denounced as demoniacal, and his attributes as weakness and imprudence?

But the question may still be asked, from *what* was man to be saved?—What dangers awaited him? Alas! my friends, the pen of man could never record his situation in faithfulness—buried in iniquities, trammelled with the sophistical snares of avarice and ambition, and swayed only by the perverse passions of his nature, man presented a picture the most degrading—a character the most abandoned. One single ray of hope alone was left him by his Maker, to cheer him amidst the sufferings, to which his *nature* was *made* subject.

Can it then be asked, from *what* was he to be saved? Can it be inquired, what dangers awaited him? or can the nature and effects of that love be doubted for a moment, which glowed in the breast of the Almighty? As well might the blessings of health and plenty be disputed, as to doubt the nature or the effect of that love which warms the breast of our Maker. It then consisted as it now does, in pure love for our natures: it then sought, as it ever will do, the *good* of mankind. Like the love which the parent feels for his offspring, the fruit of his own loins, the heirs of his own nature, was and ever will be the love of our heavenly Father towards his offspring—"his love is love indeed, far surpassing even the love of women"—"a mother may indeed forget her sucking child," but the Almighty Father of our spirits never can forget his children. These and the like, my friends, are the assurances of divine inspiration; this the voice of reason and revelation; and this the criterion of our love to God and man:

love which only desires their happiness; love which only promotes their felicity, and love "*without dissimulation*," which mankind as brethren; children of the same parent; heirs of the same promise, and the future participants of the same glory.

Having thus far considered the nature and effects of God's love to mankind, together with the nature of the love we are commanded to entertain for our fellows: let us for a few moments compare it with that professed and displayed by those who style themselves the true followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, and with the love which they impute to their heavenly Father, at the present day.

"By their fruits shall ye know them," declares the Son of God; for "do men gather grapes of thorns; or figs of thistles?" Let us therefore examine their doctrines, that whether right or wrong we may pursue or abandon their principles as shall seem most consistent with our own and the character of God.

We are told then, firstly, that God, because he could not do otherwise, employed his power and wisdom in creating and bringing into existence the human race, and for the sole purpose of conducing to his own glory. This done, God places them in a situation where they could not avoid the seductions of error; but must sooner or later inevitably become its prey; yet he establishes a law which prohibits them its use, under the pain of eternal damnation, and total abandonment to the depravity of their natures. They disobey these commands and of course the sentence is put into execution; they are abandoned to their own depravity, in accordance with one portion of their sentence, and told that it is impossible to escape eternal damnation; that being the portion of the other part; the remainder of the sentence being deferred by some unaccountable neglect of the *all-wise* Jehovah. This lenity no doubt proceeded from the merciful feelings of the Judge: for it appears he became afterwards so far impressed with love for his subjects, and pity for their wretchedness in which he had placed them; that he determined, as he could not save the whole consistently, to use his right as their Lord and Master to doom a part, and by far the majority of them, to endless misery; but not until after he had used them as the instruments of his hands in placing the favoured few in a state of immortal happiness. This decree at once limits the agency of both parties, and fixes irrevocably their several fates and courses of conduct. But notwithstanding this is the case, God is represented as calling upon them to do otherwise from what he had determined they should do, holding up at the same time as a kind of stimulus to their exertions, a promise of future and endless life, on condition that they obey. But to do this he knew was impossible; his almighty power was opposed to their exertions: yet he still continues to call and to put the cap-stone upon the whole, he gently

whispers, "works are of no consequence," all you do, or all you can do never will nor can avail you in the least. No—if you are ever saved it must be by my favour; my grace, my free-will, uninfluenced by any cause except my own good pleasure: This must serve you if any thing does, but I had determined before I gave you an existence, and I still keep my determination, (for my nature is unchangeable) that you should not be saved: No—notwithstanding I love you as an affectionate father loveth his children: not even this shall save you: you are damned and that without remedy. The character of the grand inquisitions of Spain and Portugal, as they were a few years back, presented a picture the most detestable that imagination can paint: but in comparison with whom, the character thus imputed to your heavenly Father, places them in the semblance of angels of light. All the atrocities that ever graced the cells of the infernal inquisitions of the Romish Church, are not half equalled by those to be exhibited on the grand theatre of a future world, if this view of his character be correct. I say the character of the Spanish inquisitions appear already disgusting, already do they exhibit depravation as it would appear to us in its most detestable form: But what, my friends, should we think of them had we beheld a victim led from their dungeons, after having borne the rack and the scourge, and when arrived at the stake, hear him called upon to renounce his errors on condition of his life? What I say would be your emotions to hear from his lips the wished for renunciations, and the next moment to behold the flames writhing around his body? hear the cries for mercy burst from his lips in frantic agony, and hear him cry in vain. The breast of his judge is invulnerable. What would you think of his promises of mercy? Would you think them sincere? would you deem his humanity commendable? or was his love without dissimulation? You shudder at the tale—yet turn to the imputed character of your God; compare his conduct with that we have pictured; see his offers of mercy; hear his calls for repentance, his declarations of love, and behold the irrevocable decree that holds your hearts, that binds your hands in adamantine chains, and then say, whose love is the least dissimulative—whose professions are the most sincere, or whose character is the most worthy of the adoration of moral and intelligent beings!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BED OF DEATH.

The following remarks, which are represented as spoken by a dying young woman, are, though found in a work of imagination, worthy of serious attention.

"When I am dying, do not let the preachers be about me; let me die in private: death is too solemn a thing for witnesses. They might, perhaps, press me on some points, which I could not then answer clearly; and the failure of my intellect, the natural decline of my strength, might be mistaken for "unsoundness in the faith." They are fond of proposing *leads* at such a time; it is no time to answer nice questions; one must enjoy their religion then, not define it. If my testimony could be offered up, I would offer it in the presence of the assembled

world; but God needs no such witness to his truth. The curtains of a death bed should be closed; let mine be so, my dearest aunt. Shall I confess the truth to you? I think there is something *too public* in the printed accounts of the deaths of evangelical persons. I do not wish to be surrounded by preachers and persons calling on me to witness the truth, when I have no longer a breath to heave in witness of it. Oh no, there is something *too theatrical* in that—"

The above article from the "Christian Disciple," we think cannot be too attentively read by Calvinistic ministers, and other advocates for never-ending torture. The bed of death has too often been rendered the scene of artful cunning, which is the delight of some to employ, either to drive the wretched subject to the embrace of some peculiar tenet, by the fear of a future endless hell; or, by cunning surmises, craftily dropped in the ear, in moments of debility or weakness, to allure the mind from some favourite theme, upon which it delights to dwell with peculiar satisfaction. For this purpose, stories of sinners in dreadful agony; young women in heavenly trances, (one of which was represented to me to have lasted three days, during which time the lady affirms she was actually in heaven, and surprising as it may appear, shook hands with our blessed Saviour,) and a host of hobgoblins are gulped forth with all the sincerity imaginable, and impressed upon the dying subject as prognostics of their own fate. It is really surprising how some people can delight in such conduct—visiting the sick for no other purpose but to harrow up their minds to the gloomy forebodings of the future, and to render the last moments of their lives wretched in the extreme. But strange as it may appear, such is the fact. Instances need not be noticed in which such conduct has been practiced to an extraordinary extent even in this good town of Providence; and by persons too who are not a little ostentatious of their godliness. One, at least, is fresh in the recollection of most of us, in which it is plain, the visitor had no other object in view, but to render the mind of the dying subject as miserable as possible, that it might be proclaimed with greater triumph to the multitude, that the person "died in great distress of mind." To such characters it may well be said, "ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, ye make him two fold more the child of hell." Ed.

TO OUR PATRONS.

As we have but one more No. to publish before we close the present Volume, we again call upon those of our subscribers who intend discontinuing their subscriptions, to make the same known immediately to the publisher. We request this as an especial favour, as we are determined to print no more copies in future, than are actually subscribed for, and wish in this way to ascertain how many subscribers are to continue. We have reason to hope, however, as but a few have as yet given notice of discontinuance, that this notice will be altogether unnecessary, and we are not a little gratified to see our list gradually increasing.

SELECTIONS.

FROM THE GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

Love inconsistent with partial grace.

Love towards God and men is, in point of utility, a more valuable qualification than any other, since it is productive of every conceivable virtue. Love worketh no ill to its neighbor. It is the substance of that charity which suffereth long, and is kind; it envieth not, it vaunteth not itself, it is not puffed up, it doth not behave itself unseemly, it seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, it rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth: it beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things. In order that this divine principle should do its perfect work, it must be unlimited and impartial in the election of its object. "If ye love them that love you, what reward have ye?"

Again: it is from a contemplation of the love of God that mankind learn how to love Him and their fellow-beings. He, and his Son, are the only proper patterns for us to imitate, because they only are perfect. Although there are many good men whose examples are worthy of imitation to a proper extent, yet, inasmuch as they are fallible, they are not to be taken as perfect examples of holiness or love.

With the above statements in view, let the question be asked, to how many shall our love be extended? The answer will be, to as many as God loves. Then again; how many are objects of *his* love? If the answer is, none but those who love him, the pattern is imperfect; and if mankind should imitate this love, they would do no more than the Publicans do. But if it be admitted that God is impartial and loves his enemies, then mankind by imitating his perfections will love their enemies. Hence, by teaching the system of partial grace, whereby the love of God is limited to a few, mankind are taught to limit their love to the small circle of their friends. But teach them that the love of God is exercised towards all mankind, and that it will be productive of happiness to imitate such love, and then they will comply with that command on which hang both the law and the prophets.

From the foregoing observations it will be seen that all partial schemes are entirely incompatible with that divine love which is exhibited towards, and demanded of us by the Author and Finisher of our faith. Let those, therefore, who so often speak of the irreligious tendency of the system of divine grace and impartial love, have an eye upon their own creeds, lest they be found wanting.

PHILOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY CONTRASTED.

Every system of philosophy is little in comparison of Christianity. Philosophy may expand our ideas of creation, but it neither inspires a love to the moral character of the Creator, nor a well-grounded hope of eternal life. Philosophy, at most, can only place us at the top of Pisach: there, like Moses we must die; it gives us no possession of the good land. It is the province of Christianity to add, All is yours! When you have ascended to the heights of human discovery, there are yet things of infinite moment that are utterly beyond its reach. Revelation is the medium, and the only medium, by which, standing

as it were, "on nature's alps," we discover things which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and of which it hath never entered into the heart of man to conceive.

FULLER.

"Is Saul also among the Prophets?"

We learn by the Christian Register that our Unitarian Clergymen are about to "raise funds by subscription, in aid of a perpetual mission to India"!! Yes—the very party which have been preaching for years against the *proselyting* spirit of their orthodox brethren, have solemnly resolved to saddle their Rosinantes, and attended by their sturdy Sanchoes, undertake to overturn the civil and religious institutions of the Hindoos, and expel the orthodox missionaries. It seems that several meetings have been held for the purpose of organizing the expedition, and that, at a late meeting held in the Pantheon, the Unitarian steam was raised so high that a very worthy gentleman, somewhat declined in the vale of years, declared, that "if he was under thirty, *knowing what he now knows*, he would not hesitate to embark in the enterprise and give his days to the promotion of religion in India." Now we think with all proper deference to the opinions of the respectable clergymen and laymen who, according to the Register, addressed the meeting at the Pantheon, that they would be better employed in promoting Christianity nearer home. There is not so much of that commodity in this country that it can yet be made an article of export. The largest holders have not a stock sufficient to enter into trade, without great danger of incurring bankruptcy. It is not many weeks since we attended, (as an *amateur* merely and by special invitation from a friend,) a meeting at the Pantheon, of delegates from Unitarian churches in this city. At this meeting it was said by many, and admitted on all hands, that the Unitarian clergy were cold and lifeless—their pulpit exercises, when compared with those of other sects, were uninteresting and tame, and their sermons ineffectual, because addressed to the understanding—(a sorry compliment to hearers!)—and that no pains were taken to spread their tenets or to make proselytes. If we remember rightly, it was stated that a great many persons in the country, who were connected with the orthodox churches, would be Unitarians if they could find out what the Unitarian faith was; but no means were used to inform them—no measures were taken to enlighten them—no tracts were distributed among them—in short, that Unitarianism was left to take care of itself. One gentleman delivered a very beautiful allegory in which Unitarianism was presented under the similitude of a tree, bearing rich and beautiful fruit, "which might be found in great abundance at the office of Mr. Reed in Congress street," (these are his very words.) Has there since been such a distribution of the leaves and fruit of this tree through the country, that the nation is healed of its blindness, and the clergy warmed into life and energy? If so, then the expedition to Hindostan may be wisely undertaken.

Galaxy.

SUICIDE.

A few years ago an officer went into Hyde Park with an intention of shooting himself: he applied a pistol to his forehead, but the priming flashed and no discharge followed. A man of poor appearance, whom the officer had not observed, or perhaps thought unworthy of his notice, instantly ran up, and wrested the pistol from his hands. The other drew his sword, and was about to stab his deliverer, who with much spirit replied, "stab me, Sir, if you think proper. I fear death as little as you, but I have more courage. More than twenty years I have lived in affliction and penury, and I yet trust in God for mercy and support." The officer was struck (as

well he might be) with these reproving words, continued speechless and motionless for a short time, and then bursting into tears, gave his purse to the honest man. He then inquired into his story, and became his private friend and benefactor; but under a solemn injunction, that he would never make any inquiries concerning himself, or seem to know him, if chance should ever bring them again in sight of each other. How many suicides might be prevented, and how many miseries relieved, if men under the pressure of their adversity would learn from this poor man to "trust in God for comfort and support."—*Moore's Enquiry into Suicide.*

Anecdote of a Clergyman, in the tenth Century.

Mosheim, describing the corruptions of the Clergy in the tenth century, says, "We may form some notion of the Grecian patriarchs from the single example of Theophylact, who, according to the testimonies of the most respectable writers, made the most impious traffic of ecclesiastical promotions, and expressed no sort of care about any thing but his dogs and horses." To this Dr. Maclaine, the translator of Mosheim, adds—

"This exemplary prelate, who sold every ecclesiastical benefice as soon as it became vacant, had in his stable above two thousand hunting horses, which he fed with pignuts, pistachios, dates, dried grapes, figs steeped in the most exquisite wines, to all which he added the richest perfumes. One holy Thursday as he was celebrating high mass, his groom brought him the joyful news that one of his favourite mares had foaled; upon which he threw down the Liturgy, left the church, and ran in raptures to the stable, where having expressed his joy at that grand event, he returned to the altar to finish the divine service, which he had left interrupted during his absence."

FROM THE NEW-YORK TELESCOPE.

ASYLUM FOR DRUNKARDS.

"Among the various humane and charitable institutions for which this city is distinguished, we are surprised that an asylum specially for drunkards should not have been established. We have, it is true, many drunkards confined in the Lunatic Asylum, but receiving them into that institution, supposes them to be lunatics, when, in fact, the confinement alone is necessary; and it may be questionable whether a drunkard, who may be yet reclaimed, can feel settled, sober or comfortable, when surrounded by the unfortunates who have been bereft of reason from a variety of causes. Besides, a reception into the Lunatic Asylum is expensive, and it is to the poorer class of intemperate persons that relief should be afforded.

This Asylum would prove a great charity, and recommends itself most strongly to the humane and liberal. We believe the city would cheerfully lend its aid—an aid not to support, but to reclaim and regenerate, and to restore to society a reformed drunkard, and place him in the road to industry and future comfort. There is no evil like intemperance—a man may lose his fortune—he may not be able to procure employment—he has still health and energy left, but if he is a drunkard, he is lost. A gambler is a

criminal of a lesser order, because, although drinking and gambling are allied, yet the gambler stops when he loses his money, but the drunkard never gives up his glass, because it may be had, unfortunately, almost gratis.

Drunkenness, we mean habitual drunkenness, is a misdemeanour, and contrary to good morals, and should be punishable by law, with confinement. Hence the necessity of a special asylum in which they can be placed by a warrant, by a trial by general information, or such legal forms as may be deemed necessary. There are treatments for drunkards which cannot be used for lunatics. There are drugs, diets, and a particular regimen to be observed, which in a few weeks or months, may reclaim inveterate drunkards—may create disgust and horror towards spirituous liquors, and restore to society a reformed man, and a good citizen.

No greater misfortune can happen than the head of a family being a drunkard—a man who spends his days and nights and exhausts his substance in taverns—who comes home late and intoxicated—who maltreats his wife, beats and neglects his children, and is evidently on the road to complete ruin.—Equally unfortunate and more distressing is the case of a husband who has a drunken wife; and the number of drunken women, the worst of objects, is an additional call for this asylum. There is, besides these, another class to which we refer with regret—we mean young men: and there are many which can be effectually reclaimed, if prompt and energetic steps are taken with them.

Guardians are appointed to drunkards by law in several states, in order that their property may not be wasted; but in addition to this legal provision, an asylum is necessary, in which such measures may be adopted as may destroy the vile and vicious habits of intemperance. We trust that the subject will occupy the attention of those who have heretofore been zealous in establishing humane and benevolent institutions, and that something may be done to check the evil.—A. B.

Typhus Fever.—The sum of 5000*l* is said to have been voted by Parliament to Dr. J. C. Smith, for the publication of the following recipe to prevent infection from the typhus fever:—6 drachms of powdered saltpetre, 6 drachms of oil of vitriol, mix them in a teacup by adding one drachm of the oil at a time; the cup to be placed during preparation, on a hot hearth or plate of iron, and the mixture to be stirred with a tobacco pipe; the cup to be placed in different parts of the sick room.

The nicety of the law.—A man named Robert A. Evans, was recently arraigned before the Superior Court of Twiggs county, Georgia, on a charge of perjury, in having sworn, upon the Holy Gospel, to the truth of a certain statement respecting a controversy between two of his neighbors: but the magistrate, before whom the oath was taken, being unable to testify whether he was sworn upon the Holy Gospel, or with the uplifted hand, the prisoner was discharged, on the ground that the oath had been administered in a form different from that laid in the indictment.

FROM THE (N. Y.) TELESCOPE
SINGULAR TRIAL.

Exemplifying the motives which too often actuate the managers of charitable Societies in the present day. Before one of the Aldermen of Philadelphia.

Mrs. A. the complainant, stated to the court that she was a poor woman, and that she had applied to Mrs. B. as a lady holding a high office in one of our female charitable institutions for work—that she obtained work from her; that at one period she had made up some coarse shirts at 19 cents each—and that subsequently, Mrs. B. having been satisfied of her qualifications to do finer work, had sent her some linens at 87 and a half cents per yard, to make up—that nothing was said about the price, but that they were to be finished as a gentleman's shirts are usually finished—and that they were for the son-in-law of Mrs. B.—that when the shirts, eight in number, were taken home, Mrs. B. would allow but fifty cents a piece—that they were worth one dollar each; and that to recover this sum, the suit was brought.

To this statement Mrs. B. replied, that as an officer of the Female Charitable Society, she had been applied to by Mrs. A. for work, and that, as a matter of charity, she had given it to her; that she was well enough satisfied with the work, but not satisfied with the price—and that she had plenty of poor people who would have been glad to make the shirts for fifty cents each.

To a question from the alderman, she replied, that the Society was a charitable one, and established in order to supply poor people with work; that she had been imposed upon, but that now she was before a 'squire, she expected justice.

Alderman. I presume, madam, you are willing then in this case, that justice should be done?

Mrs. B. Yes, but I will never pay her more than 50 cents a piece for making my son's shirts; I could have got plenty of people to make them for that.

Alderman. You are presidentess of this Society?

Mrs. B. Yes, I am, and you see the way I am imposed upon.

Alderman. And you gave this work to Mrs. A. purely out of charity and benevolent feeling?

Mrs. B. Yes, I did. There are many poor people that would have made the shirts for three eleven penny bits a piece; and I am now very sorry I did not give them to one of those persons.

Alderman. Pray how much would these shirts have cost your son, had they been made by a lady who was not in necessitous circumstances?

Mrs. B. I don't know, sir—perhaps the cost of the linen per yard—perhaps a dollar; but the persons who work for our Society, always work for less than those who are not poor.

Alderman. Is that the charity of your Society? and can you be so blind as not to perceive that when you gave those shirts to be made for your relation, by this poor woman, that you were actually receiving charity from her?

Mrs. B. Charity from her, sir—sir, I scorn it; I am no beggar, sir.

Alderman. I did not say you were. You declare, yourself, that these shirts would have cost 87 and a half cents, if made by a person in comfortable cir-

cumstances; and now as a poor person has made them, you pay but 50 cents; do you not then receive from her 37 and a half cents for the privilege you allow her of earning 50 cents?

Mrs. B. I gave her the shirts to oblige her—others would have made them for still less than I offered, and you will never convince me that I am wrong. There are other men as good as you are, and who know as much, that say I am right.

Alderman. I am sorry such is the opinion of any good men. I am sorry that any rational being will so prostitute the kinder feelings of the human heart—prey upon the necessities of the poor and starving, and then try to convince others it is charity. My opinion is, that you should pay this poor woman the same price for the shirts that you would probably have been obliged to pay to one for making them, who was not unfortunately compelled to apply to you for work—and I shall enter judgment accordingly.

The following Ode was composed by H. J. Finn, Esq. and sung previous to the delivery of the Eulogy, in commemoration of the death of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, on Monday last.

"His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; on that very day, his thoughts perish."—Ps. c. 146, v. 4.

Great God of majesty and might,
Humbly before thy throne we bend :
To realms of everlasting light,
Let grief and gratefulness ascend.

The FATHERS of our FREEDOM dwell
In the dark mansions of the dead :
The tongue of triumph sang their knell ;
Their spirits echoed it—and fled.

The day that God hath sanctified,
Our high and holy Jubilee,
Saw the immortals upward glide,
Borne on the breathings of the Free !

The Courier and the Cat of Death,
In gladness and in glory came ;
The Sires bequeathed their sons the wreath,
The falling Mantle of their Fame.

Upon the tombs, wherein they sleep,
The tears of mourning millions rest ;
Ages their memory shall keep,
Embalmed, within their nation's breast.

Souls of our Eagle Sires, above,
Who signed in blood this land's release,
Witness the wakings of our love,
Our Praise, Prosperity and Peace !

TO A FRIEND IN AFFLICITION.

Think not, my friend, to taste of joy below,
In streams unmixed : our joys and sorrows flow
Together mingled, through this vale of tears,
Where here a verdant spot, and there a waste appears :

Where light and shade, alternate, meet the eye,
And the bright smile precedes the bitter sigh ;
Where flowerets shed their incense sweet, while nigh
Some riven oak its blasted trunk uprears,
And sternly braves the gale that all its verdure sears

How often, here, creative fancy weaves
Her gilded web, and paints in colors bright
The future scene, and flatters and deceives
Our foolish hearts with visions of delight—
While some mishap its bitter cup prepares
With noisome herbs ; and Disappointment fills
The chalice to the brim with dark despair—
A deadly potion of unwanted ills,
Which we, alas ! must drain, to the last dregs of care.

Then trust not earthly joy ; nor, yet despise
The gifts of heaven to undeserving man—
Thankful receive the good, its love supplies—
Submit with patience, to the perfect plan
Of him, whose boundless love extends to all.
Were joy untemper'd to the mortal given,
He might neglect the mild, parental call,
Which bids him leave the things of earth below ;
And all the countless pleasures thus forego,
That wait, unmixed, and pure, the righteous soul in
heaven.

MNEMON.

When Sir Walter Raleigh was brought upon the scaffold to suffer death, he vindicated his conduct in a most eloquent speech ; and then feeling the edge of the fatal instrument of death, observed, with a smile, "It is a sharp medicine, but a sure remedy for all woes." Being asked which way he would lie himself on the block, he replied, "So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies."

MARRIED,

In Johnston, on Sunday evening, by Rev. Mr. Cheney, Hon. Nathan Brown to Miss Susan Smith, daughter of the late Job Smith, Esq.

DIED,

In this town, on Monday morning, Hezekiah, son of Hezekiah Anthony, aged 9 months.

On Tuesday morning, William Lafayette, son of Mr. Wm. Potter, aged 2 years and 5 month.

On the 14th inst. Elizabeth Anthony, daughter of Mr. Daniel Hayford, jr. in her 3d year.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. Mary Bowers, aged 74 years. Mrs. Bowers was for the last forty years of her life a firm believer in God's impartial grace, and continued unshaken in her faith till death.

In South-Bridgewater, on the 11th inst. Major Seth Johnston, in the 68th year of his age. He was a firm believer in the final restoration of all things.

JOB PRINTING.

The subscriber continues to execute orders for Book and Job Printing, at short notice and on favorable terms. All persons indebted to him, either for the Christian Telescope or for Book or Job Printing, are earnestly requested to make payment, without delay.

B. CRANSTON.

Telescope Office, Providence, June 10.

* * A few copies of the 3d edition of Mr. Pickering's answer to the Quaker is received, and for sale at S. W. Wheeler's store, 110½ Westminster street. Also Rev. Mr. Kneeland's Sermon on the doctrine of ATONEMENT. Also, Kneeland's Testament.

* * Hymn Books, in plain and ornamental bindings, may be had of S. W. Wheeler, 110½ Westminster-street, and of Mr. Pickering. Societies supplied with Mr. Pickering's Hymn-Book, at \$50 per hundred, bound.